



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, & C.

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SELECT TALES.

Therese.

BY J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

[Concluded.]

MEANWHILE the count was all conjecture. The silence of Therese, when he declared an honorable passion for her, was a mystery which he could not unravel. Did she doubt his sincerity? Did she feel that she could not love him? Were her affections engaged to another? A thousand times that day he asked himself these questions, nor could he sleep at night without meditating upon them. Never was the sun so slow in rising as he appeared to the count on the morning that followed that night. The fever of incertitude was almost insupportable, and, when at length it was day, scarcely could he transact the customary and not ungrateful occupations of the dressing-room and parlor, or wait for the appropriate hour of repairing to the countess's toilet—which he intended to visit that morning for the last time, and merely to gain an interview with Therese. Scarcely had the clock struck, when the count's foot was on her lady's staircase. With a throbbing heart he knocked at the dressing-room door and opened it. The countess was seated near her toilet;—behind her stood the attendant—before her was an open trunk, and near it stood Therese; while an officer of justice, who was kneeling by the trunk, as though he had been in the act of examining it, held up to Therese a diamond brooch, which he exhibited with an air of low triumph and superciliousness.

'What is the matter?' involuntarily demanded the count, after he had surveyed the group for a moment or two,

'Oh, nothing,' replied the countess; 'only I have missed a diamond brooch, and the officer has found it in that trunk.'

'And to whom does that trunk belong?' inquired the count.

'To me!' said Therese, while a smile—such as lofty scorn would give, provoked by a cause most foul and mean—played faintly on her lip.—'That is my trunk,' she repeated,

'and the brooch was found in it; but the hand that put it there was not mine.'

'Insolent!' exclaimed the countess; 'your composure is the assurance of guilt, prepared to meet detection, and to face it out! but you escape for this time,—you are free to leave my service—I shall not prosecute you. Here are your wages, and begone!'

'No!' said Therese; 'I shall neither take your money nor profit by your clemency! I shall go to the place where sooner or later guilt must take up its abode—though it is not always the offender who enters that place! I shall take my trial!—the wise and good judge may find out some means to unravel what, I own, is inexplicable to me!—if not, I must bear the stain of the sin which I never committed. The punishment, whatever it may be, will be little compared to the—'

The count glanced at the Lady Julie—her eye encountered his, and was instantly turned another way. He looked at her attendant—she was alternately folding and unfolding a ribbon, pursuing her occupation with an earnestness to which its importance was wholly disproportionate. He looked at Therese—she appeared more like the accuser than the accused, the judge than the criminal. Calmly, yet sternly, she surveyed the one and the other; and now and then raised her clear eyes to heaven, with an expression of mingled resignation and confidence.

'She is innocent!' exclaimed the count to himself, and with that kind of deep-drawn sigh which one might imagine, announces transition from suspended vitality to resuscitation.

Therese heard it. Involuntarily she looked at the count. She read in his countenance, which beamed melting upon her, the thoughts that were passing in his soul.—He believed that she was innocent! Her cheek colored till the richest vermillion would not have been deep enough to paint its dye; there were two or three slight convulsive movements of her fair throat, and the maid burst into a shower of tears!

'You may go, sir,' said the countess, addressing the officer; 'I am sorry for the

unhappy girl, and do not wish the law to take its course.'

'Stop!' exclaimed Therese; 'I go along with you!—I am your prisoner!'

'I am forbidden to take you into custody,' said the officer, turning, as he was in the act of going out of the door, 'and cannot.'

'What shall I do?' ejaculated Therese.

'Surrender yourself to the mayor,' remarked the count.

'It shall be done,' said Therese, relocking the trunk; and hastily left the room.

Therese surrendered herself to the mayor; the countess and her attendant were summoned and examined; the officer proved the finding of the jewel in Therese's trunk, and she was committed for trial.

And now nothing occupied all Paris but the count's passion for Therese, and the crime with which she had been charged. Her rejection of pardon, her voluntary surrender, her extraordinary beauty, and the fortitude with which she bore her imprisonment, were the theme of every tongue. The dignity, too, with which she conducted herself towards the Duke de B——, was the subject of encomium and astonishment: he had called to wait upon her, but she peremptorily refused to see him. He had sent the first legal opinion in Paris to her, to undertake her cause; but, the moment she learned by whom the advocate had been employed, she firmly declined his services. The count, too, applied in vain to see her, until he requested his sister, the Baroness C——, to accompany him when he was admitted—and by that lady, now, were the legal advisers employed who were to conduct the defence of Therese.

The day of trial approached. Upon the eve of that day, the baroness and the count paid their customary visit to the prison. As they were going in, they were informed that Therese had been engaged all that morning with a stranger, who had the appearance of having recently arrived in Paris, and was still with her; and they were debating whether they should wait or call again—when a remarkably handsome young man, in military undress, issued from the passage leading to the room

in which Therese was confined, and hastily passing them, went out. The count's heart throbbed.

'Who is that?' hastily interrogated he.

'The stranger,' replied the person whom he addressed: 'She is now alone.'

The count mechanically followed the baroness into Therese's apartment. His passion had assumed a deep and settled character. His lawyers had assured him that she was certain of being acquitted; and he resolved that the moment she regained her freedom, he would implore her to trust it to his keeping. He had fully apprised his sister of his intention; who, being a sensible, though a proud woman, implicitly and at once gave in to his views the moment she satisfied herself that it was impossible to divert him from his object—a step, of the propriety of which every succeeding interview with Therese still more convinced her. Yet was the count uncertain as to the state of Therese's heart, which, as he never saw her alone, he had little opportunity of ascertaining.—Seldom she looked at him, or he might perhaps have read it in her eye; seldom she spoke to him, or the tone of her voice might have given him some insight into it. In short, she maintained a marked and strict reserve towards the count, which was the more irksome to him from the frankness with which she communicated with his sister. The fear of some previous attachment continually haunted him, and frequent were his misgivings, although they were still outnumbered by his hopes. The latter, however, almost vanished when he saw the handsome stranger, who had been all that morning alone with Therese; and he stood before the fair captive speechless and cast down, as one who had been visited by some unexpected and astounding calamity.

'Is any thing the matter?' asked Therese alarmed at the count's appearance: 'Is any thing the matter?' repeated she, approaching him and taking his hand, then instantly dropping it again.

'Nothing,' answered the count, with a smile, relieved by the earnestness of Therese's manner: 'nothing is the matter. Would Therese be unhappy were it otherwise?'

'Certainly,' said Therese, relapsing into her usual distance.

The count thought of the stranger again.—'You have had a visitor this morning,' said the count.

'A friend,' said she, with a sigh.

'And nothing more?' inquired the count.—Therese was silent. 'Come,' said the count to the baroness, 'I fear we intrude upon Therese—at least my company can be dispensed with. You, if you like, can stay, and I shall call for you in an hour.'

'My lord! my lord!' cried Therese, as the count was departing, 'you go in dis-

pleasure! Something has offended you! What is it, my lord? If the fault lies with me, let me know it, and I may repair it or atone for it.'

'You mistake, Therese,' replied the count, unwilling to come to an explanation with her in her present circumstances, especially as his sister was present; and somewhat soothed again by the energetic warmth of her appeal. 'You mistake. All's well; only summon all your composure for to-morrow; till then, adieu, Therese!'

But the slight relief which the count had received from Therese's manner of accosting him, vanished as soon as he found himself alone. The handsome stranger engrossed his thoughts, and kept him on the rack with conjecture and apprehension. 'He was just the man to interest such a woman as Therese! one whom such a woman would be likely to love with all her heart and soul!—to love lastingly—exclusively!' Though it was little more than a glimpse which he had caught of him, yet that glimpse gave the count the impression of a man of lofty principle and fine sensibility. 'If the affections of Therese were engaged, it was he, and he only, who was the master of them!' With some persons surmise is speedily converted into certainty; scarcely does the shadow stand before them, when it fills, or seems to fill, into substance. Such was the case with the count. He wandered through the suburbs of Paris, musing upon the utter frustration of his fondly cherished hopes by the union of Therese with the stranger. 'She was lost to him!'—and now every thing else vanished along with her!—title, fortune, relatives, friends,—yea, the whole world!—in the place of which nothing appeared but a void, without a single object to interest or even occupy him. So is it even with love. Except the woman of our heart, there is not an object of human desire, the loss of which, when the mind is in its full vigor, is attended for the time with a feeling of utter desolation. The death of one hope is the birth of another; from chagrin at the failure of the present speculation, we turn to anticipation of success in the prosecution of a future one, which is ever at hand to engross and solace us; but the miscarriage of a lover is the missing of a leap, which is to carry us over into some rare delicious spot of fair earth, from which a profound ravine divides us, without any thing to snatch at should we fail to clear it, and with nothing but the torrent or the rock to receive us!

So lost was the count in his meditations, it was not until full three hours past the appointed time that he remembered his promise to call on the baroness. He hastened back to the prison: 'Was Therese alone?'—'No.' 'Who was with her?'—'The stranger.' The count felt chilled from head to foot; he tottered down the steps of the prison, and

reached home he knew not how. Dinner was waiting—he could not partake of it. Some friends were expecting him—he could not see them. The Marquis of R—— had been there, and said he would call again in the evening—He must be denied to him and to every body! The count rushed up stairs to his chamber, and locked himself in.

Early upon the morning of the trial was the baroness with Therese. She found her attired in black. 'Why not dress in white?' inquired the baroness.

'I wear,' replied Therese, 'the dress that I shall wear for ever, unless Providence has ordained that I shall take it off to-day.'

The baroness asked her how she felt.

'Prepared,' was her answer. Ever since she had entered the prison, she had accustomed herself to regard her conviction as certain. 'Because,' added she, 'the efforts that we make to meet calamity as we ought, although it should not arrive, are never thrown away; whereas, by indulging in anticipations of good fortune, we aggravate the pain of disappointment.' The baroness gazed upon the beautiful moralist, and was silent. 'I have bade good bye in time,' continued Therese, 'to hopes, from which, had I permitted myself to cherish them, it might have cost me my life to part.' Her eyes were cast down while she uttered this; she sighed deeply, and raising them, encountered the kind but penetrating looks of the baroness.

'You are a wonder!' exclaimed the latter, 'and deserve to be the wife of a prince!' The maiden's eyes fell again, and a faint blush rose upon her cheek. 'Therese,' continued the baroness, 'I am as confident of your innocence in this affair as I am of my own. I need not tell you what the count thinks of you. We are resolved that the whole world shall know how much we honor you, whatsoever may be the issue of this trial. This is the richest of our family jewels, and is known to all the nobility of Paris—hundreds of whom will be in the court to-day. It is known to be mine. It has not its fellow in France for the weight and lustre of its diamonds.—You shall wear it. It stamps you as the object of our love and respect. It proclaims our contempt for the aspersion which has been cast upon you. Take it,' she repeated, throwing a necklace of brilliancy over Therese's neck, at the same time catching the astonished maid, subdued, and all dissolved in tears, to her bosom.

They were interrupted by the entrance of the jailer, who informed Therese that the court was waiting for her.

The summons recalled her self-possession. 'In a minute,' she said; and in a minute her countenance was clear and smiling.

'You are ready, I see,' said the baroness.

'I am,' replied Therese.

'Come, then,' said the baroness, 'I shall accompany you into court.'

Never met the baroness such a look as that which was turned upon her by Therese. There was an effort to speak; a smile that acknowledged her inability to do so; a pressure of the fair maid's heart by her hand—a sigh—and nothing more.

The court was crowded. Half the nobility of France was there; many had been attracted from distant parts by the fame of the approaching trial, and thousands, who had been baffled in their attempts to gain admission, surrounded the building without. The noble friends of the countess were seated in the vicinity of the part allotted to witnesses; opposite to them were the counsel of Therese, with the count, whose looks, pale and languid, bore the traces of the last day's agitation, and of the night of restlessness and fever which had succeeded that day. By all who knew the count, or to whom he was pointed out, this was set down to the interest which he took in Therese, and construed into unfavorable omen as to the issue of the trial. At length, upon a movement in that part of the court where the prisoner was expected to enter, the buzz that had been kept up by the interchange of a thousand mingled questions and replies, given in an under breath, subsided, and was succeeded by a dead silence, which became if possible, more breathless, when the majestic form of the baroness appeared, supporting the fair Therese.

Upon her entrance, the baroness curtsied to the court, with an air which implied rather an assertion of her own dignity than an acknowledgment of deference; she then led Therese to the front, and contemplating her for a moment or two with an expression of satisfaction at the conscious innocence which was eloquently painted in her looks and demeanor, she imprinted a kiss upon each of her cheeks, and retired about half a pace behind her.

The indictment having been read, the counsel for the prosecution opened the pleadings. He was a middle aged man, more indebted to family influence than to talent for the office which he held—that of advocate for the crown. He stated the particulars of the case; the missing of the jewel by the countess; her suspicions of Therese; the searching of Therese's trunk, and the finding of the jewel secreted in it. He then descanted upon the lady's clemency; and, passing to Therese's rejection of forgiveness, exerted all his sophistry to invalidate the merit of that act. 'Remember,' said the advocate, 'remember who was present—A nobleman who had declared an honorable passion for the prisoner—had made her the proffer of his hand!—to ally herself to whose house might have been an object of ambition to the daughter of the

most illustrious family in France! What bounds would you set to desperation in a predicament like that, where aggrandisement, beyond the wildest dreams of aspiring fancy, was to be exchanged for the contempt and desertion attendant upon a blasted character! What chance of retrieval, howsoever desperate, would not be caught at, where death itself was to be preferred to the frustration of hope? Look at the collected girl who stands before you!—upon whose youthful nerves that solemn seat of justice—this array of learning and searching deliberation—this crowded concourse, produce not the slightest impression! What might you not expect from the intrepidity—I will not say effrontery—I will not say boldness—' At the commencement of this appeal to the deportment of Therese, the advocate looked full upon the face of the fair prisoner, at whom he had only glanced before. As he perused the ingenious face, where blandness and beauty sat equally enthroned; as he read in it, traced by the hand of Heaven itself, a refutation, in eloquence surpassing the advocacy of a thousand tongues, his confidence wavered, his collectedness began to forsake him, and he was obliged to turn another way. And a new source of discomfiture awaited him; he saw, by the looks of the court, that his embarrassment was perceived—scarce a countenance but betrayed the smile that triumphed at its detection. He felt confounded—he faltered—he stopped!—'I feel it unnecessary,' said he at length, 'to dilate upon this point; I shall trouble the court no further, but proceed to call my witnesses;' and he sat down.

The countess was summoned. Her examination was brief. That of the officer, who followed her, occupied about the same time. The attendant was the next witness, and underwent a strict cross-examination.

'Do you entertain any ill-will towards the prisoner?' asked the counsel of Therese.

'None.'

'Have you ever quarreled with her?'

'No.'

'Do you truly believe that she deposited the jewel in her trunk?'

'I do not like to think ill of any one.'

'That is not an answer to my question:—Do you believe that she put it there?'

'How else could it have come there?'

'Answer me, Yes or No,' said the advocate. Do you believe that Therese secreted the jewel in her trunk? Yes or No?'

'Yes,' at last faltered out the attendant.

'Now, my girl,' continued the advocate, 'pay heed to what you say—remember you are upon your oath!—Will you swear that you did not put it there yourself?'

There was a pause and a profound silence. After about a minute had elapsed—'Well?' said the advocate.

Another pause; while in an assembly where hundreds of human hearts were throbbing, not an individual stirred or even appeared to breathe, such was the pitch of intensity to which the suspense of the court was wound up.

'Well,' said the advocate a second time, 'will you answer me? Will you swear that you yourself did not put the jewel into Therese's trunk?'

'I will,' at last said the attendant boldly.

'You swear it?'

'I do.'

'And why did you not answer me at once?'

'I do not like that such questions should be put to me,' replied the attendant.

For a minute or two the advocate was silent. A feeling of disappointment seemed to pervade the whole court; now and then a half suppressed sigh was heard; and here and there a handkerchief was lifted to an eye which was no sooner wiped than it was turned again upon Therese with an expression of the most lively commiseration. The maid herself was the only individual who appeared perfectly at her ease; even the baroness looked as if her firmness was on the point of giving way, as she drew closer to Therese, around whose waist she now passed her arm.

'You have done with the witness?' said the advocate for the prosecution.

'No,' replied the other, and reflected for a moment or two longer. At length, 'Have you any keys of your own?' said he.

'I have.'

'I know you have,' said the advocate. 'Are they about you?'

'Yes.'

'Is not one of them broken?'

After a pause—'Yes.'

'Show them me!'

The witness, after searching some time in her pocket, took the keys out and presented them.

'Let the trunk be brought into the court,' said the advocate.

'Now, my girl,' resumed the advocate, 'attend to the questions which I am going to put to you, and deliberate well before you reply, because I have those to produce who will answer them truly should you fail to do so. Were you ever in the service of a Monsieur St. Ange?'

'Yes,' replied the attendant, evidently disconcerted.

'Did you not open, in that gentleman's house, a trunk that was not your own?'

'Yes,' with increased confusion.

'Did you not take from that trunk an article that was not your own?'

'Yes; but I put it back again.'

'I know you put it back again,' said the advocate. 'You see, my girl, I am acquainted with the whole affair: but before you put it back again, were you not aware that you were observed?'

The witness was silent.

'Who observed you?—Was it not your mistress?—Did she not accuse you of the intended theft?—Were you not instantly discharged?' successively asked the advocate, without eliciting any reply. 'Why do you not answer, girl?' peremptorily demanded he.

'If you are determined to destroy my character,' said the witness, bursting into tears, 'I cannot help it.'

'No,' rejoined the advocate, 'I do not intend to destroy a character; I mean to save one—one which, before you quit the court, I shall prove to be as free from soil as the snow of the arm which is leaning upon that bar!' continued the advocate, pointing towards Therese.

The trunk was here brought in. 'You know that trunk?'

'Yes.'

'Whose is it?'

'It belongs to the prisoner.'

'And these are your keys.'

'Yes.'

'Were these keys out of your possession the day before that trunk was searched, and the jewel found in it?'

'No.'

'Nor the day before that again?'

'No.'

'Now mind what you are saying: you swear that for two days preceding the morning upon which that trunk was searched those keys were never out of your own possession?'

'I do.'

'Will not one of these keys open that trunk?'

The witness was silent.

'Never mind!—we shall try. As readily as if it had been made for it!' resumed the advocate, applying the key and lifting the lid.

'There may be fifty keys in the court, that would do the same thing,' interposed the public prosecutor.

'True,' rejoined his brother; 'but this is not one of them,' added he, holding up the other key, 'for she tried this key first, and broke, as you see, the ward in the attempt.'

'How will you prove that?' inquired the prosecutor.

'By producing the separate part.'

'And where did you find it?'

'In the lock,' emphatically exclaimed the advocate.

A groan was heard—the witness had fainted.—She was instantly removed.

A smith was the next witness. He proved that he had been employed to take off the lock, in order to ascertain if any attempt had been made to force it, and that upon removing it, he found a piece of a broken ward in it. The piece was produced, and found exactly to match the key. The prosecutor gave up his cause; and the waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands announced the complete

vindication of the innocent Therese, who, half overcome, stood folded in the arms of the baroness.

Anxiously had Count Theodore watched the proceedings of the day, though other matters had also a share in his thoughts. Immediately upon entering the court he had looked round for the stranger—he was not there; and the count breathed more freely. When Therese and his sister appeared, he was the first individual upon whom the eye of the former rested; she remarked his wan and haggard looks, and there was an anxiety and a tenderness in her gaze, which were a balm to his wounded spirit; and he smiled his thanks to her. Nothing could exceed his agitation as the cross-examination of the attendant proceeded, except the tumult of his feeling at the complete exposure of her perjury, by the discovery of the infamous means which had been resorted to, to effect the destruction of Therese. Then it was that as he thought, Therese cast a look upon him, such as he had never received from her before—a look in which gratitude and exultation shone, but threw forth a beam, too warm and too bright for their own light alone to have produced it. It played but a moment or two upon him, when it was withdrawn; but the glow which it spread through his heart departed not with it. The chalice of happiness which he thought had been spilled, stood full again before him; and where, an hour ago, he poured upon the embers of extinguished hope, he now beheld nothing but rekindling. He made his way out of court, regardlessly putting aside every individual that impeded it;—he flew to the prison—a step or two brought him to the door of Therese's apartment; without knock or warning of any kind, he entered—he started back!—she was locked in the arms of the stranger! The shock was too much—the room swam before him and vanished.

He recovered with the sensations of one who awakes from some horrible dream; the first objects that he saw were the stranger and the baroness standing by him. He looked around for Therese—she was not there. At length he became conscious that he was leaning upon the breast of some person, whose arm encircled his neck; he suddenly turned and looked up; he met the eyes of Therese, fixed strainingly upon him, with an expression that shot life into his soul.

'Is it true?' he exclaimed, withdrawing himself from her, and at the same time extending his arms:—she threw herself into them, and thrillingly they closed around her!

The stranger was the brother of Therese. He was in the service, and his merit had raised him to the rank of captain. By some unaccountable means, for upwards of five years they had lost sight of one another. A relation, under whose protection he had left

her had recently died, and left her utterly unprovided for; when she sought and obtained a service with the countess. The report of the accusation which had been brought against her, and of the count's passion for her, having spread far and wide, at last reached the ears of her brother; he hastened up to Paris, and found every thing confirmed; but, at her earnest entreaty, kept their relationship concealed till the trial should be over.

'Then she is mine!' in a transport of exultation exclaimed the count.

'She is, my lord!' replied the brother; 'nor is this the first honor of the kind that your family has conferred upon ours.'

'How so?'

'One of your ancestors espoused an ancestor of my sister's and mine.'

'The name?'

'Therese l'Estrange,' was the reply.

The count's banquetting room was one blaze of light. At the head of its sumptuous board, sat a lady—the fit and peerless mistress of the feast; at its foot sat the count, surrounded by his illustrious relatives, and the choicest of his intimates and friends. They were at supper—the viands were removed, and the nearest of his kinsmen rising, demanded a chalice of gold! 'Twas brought; he filled it to the brim, and, bowing to the lady and the count, he drank—'To the bridegroom and bride!' It was the day after the trial; and on the morning of that day a second and fairer Therese had been grafted on the family tree.

BIOGRAPHY.

Caspar Hauser.

THE assassination of this mysterious person, whose case has excited so much interest in Europe and America, was announced in the papers a few weeks since. He was living at Anspach, where he was receiving constant assistance from Lord Stanhope. On the 14th of December last, he was met by a stranger wrapped in a large cloak, who, under the pretence of having a communication of importance to make to him, stabbed him twice near the heart with a dagger he had kept concealed. Hauser survived the wounds but three days. The apprehension of further developments in reference to his confinement, it is thought, was the cause of his violent death.

The following review of the history of this 'wonder of the world,' from the gifted pen of Wm. C. Woodbridge, editor of the *Annals of Education*, will, we have no doubt, be perused with deep interest:

Youth Without Childhood.

AN account of an individual kept in a dungeon, separated from all communication with the world, from early childhood to the age of seventeen. Drawn up from legal documents, by Anselm Von Feuerbach, president of one of the Bavarian courts of appeal, &c. Translated from the German. Second edition. Boston; Allen and Tickner, 1833. 18mo. pp. 168.

IN passing through Germany, in the year 1829, we heard of an extraordinary being who had just 'come into the world,' as he subsequently expressed it at the age of seventeen—a youth in form, and yet as ignorant of language, and of the use of his limbs, and even of the most common external objects, as the infant of a few months. He was observed on the evening of the 26th of May,

1325, near one of the gates of Nuremberg, in the posture of one intoxicated, who was equally unable to stand or to move. A letter which he held out, addressed to the captain of a squadron of cavalry, gave no information except that he was born in 1812, and had never been suffered to leave the house, and that all inquiries concerning his origin and residence would be in vain. In reply to all the questions addressed to him by individuals and the police, a few unmeaning words and incessant moans were all that he could utter, and he pointed with marks of exhaustion to his blistered feet. Meat, which was offered to him, he rejected with visible horror; but eagerly swallowed some bread and water: and on being conducted to the stable, stretched himself upon the straw and fell into a sleep so profound, that he could scarcely be awakened. His feet were as soft as the palms of his hands; his gait was like that of a child, just beginning to step; and it was only with intense suffering that he could walk. His senses seemed to be locked up in torpor; and a wooden horse, brought to him by a soldier, in consequence of his frequent repetition of the German word for horse, 'ross! ross!' was the first and only object which seemed to excite interest. He seated himself by it, 'with a countenance smiling sweetly through his tears,' and passed hours and days, in moving and feeding, and ornamenting it, as if it were the only being which called forth his social feelings.

It will be easily believed that such an appearance would excite intense curiosity. It was a case which set at defiance all the formal interrogations and arrangements of a German government, and it was difficult to decide whether he belonged to the asylum for idiocy, or the almshouse, or to the police office and the prison. After vain efforts to elicit something from him as to his residence or connexions, to which he replied only in the same piteous moans and unintelligible phrases, he was committed to a tower over one of the gates under the care of a humane jailor, and appears to have enjoyed all the comforts of which his case admitted.—Common sense soon relaxed the severity of the law; and he was received into the family of the jailor, as a deserted, helpless child, and under the instruction of his children, 'began to learn to talk.'

He was visited by crowds, who taxed their ingenuity in examining the poor youth, and wearied him almost to torture, by their inquisitorial efforts to discover something. But they could only ascertain that he was an infant of adult age;—in the expressive language of a London Reviewer, an example of 'youth without childhood.' He attempted like an infant, to seize every glittering object which he saw, and cried if he was forbidden; and when a lighted candle was placed before him,

he tried to grasp the beautiful flame. In the midst of this seeming infancy, however, his guardians were astonished, on putting a pencil into his hand, to find that he could form letters distinctly. He filled a sheet with elementary characters and syllables, and closed by covering a page with the name—'Kaspar Hauser.'

This discovery of his name, usually so important on the records of a police office, furnished no clue to the mystery which enveloped this singular being. Destitute of the conception, as well as the names of the most common objects, and averse to all the common customs and conveniences and necessities of life, there seemed no alternative, in the language of his biographer, but to regard him as the inhabitant of some distant planet, or as one buried from his birth, and now just emerged into the world. Imagination was tortured to devise some mode of accounting for his character and appearance. Some dreamed of an experiment made by modern theorists, to ascertain the state of a mind, left to advance to maturity in utter ignorance of the world, and thus realizing the fancy picture or a German story. Others supposed him the heir of some estate or diadem, of which he was unlawfully deprived. Others still conjectured, that this difficult and dangerous plan of burying alive, had been adopted to conceal the crimes attending his birth.

Such were the conjectures floating on the public mind in reference to this singular being, when we left Germany, unable to vary our route so far as to visit Nuremberg. It was not until subsequent education had enabled Caspar to clothe his own ideas in words, that any light was thrown upon his early history; and the following account, derived from the work whose title is at the head of this article, comprises all his recollections of childhood and youth:

'He neither knows who he is, nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremberg that he came into the world. Here he first learnt that, besides himself and 'the man with whom he had always been,' there existed other men and other creatures. As long as he can recollect he has always lived in a hole, (a small low apartment which he sometimes calls a cage,) where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, and clothed only with a shirt and pair of breeches. In this apartment he never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, by an animal, or by any thing else. He never saw the Heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening (day-light) such as at Nuremberg. He never perceived any difference between day and night, and much less did he ever get a sight of the beautiful lights in the Heavens. Whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water by him. Sometimes

this water had a bad taste;—whenever this was the case, he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep; and, when he afterwards awoke, he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his meat and drink. In his hole he had two wooden horses, and several ribins.—With these horses he had always amused himself as long as he was awake; and his only occupation was, to make them run by his side, and to fix or tie the ribins about them in different positions. Thus, one day had passed as the other; but he never felt the want of anything, had never been sick, and—once only excepted—had never felt the sensation of pain. Upon the whole he had been much happier there than in the world, where he was obliged to suffer so much. How long he had continued to live in this situation he knew not; for he had no knowledge of time. He knew not when, or how he came there. Nor had he any recollection of ever having been in a different situation, or in any other than that place.—The man with whom he had always been, never did him any harm. Yet one day, shortly before he was taken away,—when he had been running his horse too hard, and had made too much noise, the man came and struck him upon the arm with a stick, or a piece of wood; this caused the wound which he brought with him to Nuremberg.

'Pretty nearly about the same time, the man once came into his prison, placed a small table over his feet, and spread something white upon it, which he now knows to have been paper; he then came behind him, so as not to be seen by him, took hold of his hand and moved it backwards and forwards on the paper, with a thing (a lead pencil) which he had stuck between his fingers. He (Hauser) was then ignorant of what it was; but he was mightily pleased, when he saw the black figures which began to appear upon the white paper. When he felt that his hand was free, and the man was gone from him, he was so much pleased with his new discovery, that he could never grow tired of drawing these figures repeatedly upon the paper. This occupation almost made him neglect his horses, although he did not know what those characters signified. The man repeated his visits in the same manner several times.

'Another time, the man came again, lifted him from the place where he lay, placed him on his feet, and endeavored to teach him to stand.'

At his final appearance the man took him over his shoulders, carried him, as he expressed it, up a hill, and brought him to Nuremberg. His recollections of his journey are very indistinct, and the fact that he sinks

* Probably water mixed with opium.

into a death-like sleep when he rides in a wagon, leaves it entirely uncertain in what way he was conveyed. After many ineffectual examinations, often leading to error, nothing remained but to provide the best means for alleviating his misfortunes, and supplying, in some degree, the loss of his years and childhood and youth, with the faint hope, that time might enable him to furnish a clue to his origin.*

The state of nervous excitement and disease, produced by the multitude of new objects and ideas that crowded upon him, emerging thus suddenly from darkness and solitude, led the police to exclude all visitors, and place Caspar in the family of Professor Daumer of the Nuremberg Gymnasium, to receive such an education as he needed.

In the course of a year, he was so far advanced in the knowledge of language as to commence a memoir of himself. An attempt by some unknown person to take his life, excited, perhaps, by the apprehension of discovery, appears to have been the only interruption to the course of training by which we are told he came to be 'reckoned among civilized, and well-behaved men,' including, of course, many of the artificial wants and fashions which added neither to his happiness or worth. The narrative before us presents a variety of interesting details and anecdotes concerning the child-like simplicity and amiable character of this youth, his singular views of life, and his peculiar propensities and habits, which well deserve perusal. Our limits only allow us to glance at a few of the most prominent points of the description, and the principles which they illustrate.

The darkness and seclusion in which Caspar had been kept, produced extreme sensibility to every external impression. After he recovered from the torpor caused by his entering the world, his senses were acute to a degree which was painful. Every object conveyed odors to him, which were, in a great measure, imperceptible to others, and some would produce shivering, and nausea, and fever. The touch of animals, or of metals, thrilled through his frame, and often

* In recent newspapers, we find the following paragraph: CASPAR HAUSER.—The mystery which hung about the origin and early life of this extraordinary young man, is said to be in a way of explanation. It seems, according to an account which we find in an English periodical, that Caspar Hauser was the fruit of an illicit amor; that a priest, the reputed father, took charge of the child from the moment of its birth, and finally inclosed it in a subterraneous hole or vault, in a convent where he was residing; that thus imprisoned and shut out from all human intercourse, the unhappy being passed his existence until within a day or two of his being found, as related in the history of his life which has been published, when the priest being compelled to quit the convent, and having no other place of concealment at hand, released and left the boy to his fate. The chain of circumstantial evidence, by which thus much of the story has been made out, is so well put together, as to leave little doubt that the true elucidation has been hit upon. The above outline has been communicated in conversation, by M. Kluber, the celebrated writer on public law, who first discovered, and is still following, the clue. When he has thoroughly sifted the matter, it is expected that he will favor the public with a memoir on the subject.

produced unequivocal symptoms of pain and disease.—His hearing and sight were also uncommonly acute; and several remarkable instances are given, in which he proved that he could discover objects and colors, as readily by night, as by day. He observed with attention and accuracy; and his recollection of persons and names at an early period was surprising.—Colors were pleasing to him in proportion to their brilliancy and he thought an apple tree would have been more beautiful if its leaves had been red, as well as its fruit!

The great principle was established in his case, as with infants, that forms and distances are not distinguished until the touch has corrected the errors of vision. He stated, after he acquired the use of language, that in the beginning, the men and horses represented in sheets of pictures, appeared to him precisely like the men and horses that were carved in wood! He did not perceive the difference, until he had learned it by handling them. Another striking illustration of this principle is described. In this case he called a beautiful summer landscape which was seen from his room,—'ugly! ugly!'—because as he afterwards said, it appeared to him like a collection of spots of various colors on the window. Two or three years of instruction corrected these errors, and reduced his sensibility, on many points, to the common level; but he continued to see distinctly at night.

His extraordinary memory declined with this acuteness of the senses, at the same time that his frame enlarged; and both were singularly coincident with a change in his diet. Caspar observed, in regard to his hearing, that 'its acuteness had been considerably diminished since he had begun to eat meat.' Professor Daumer, in his notes, observes, 'after he had learned regularly to eat meat his mental activity was diminished, his eyes lost their brilliancy and expression, and his vivid propensity to constant activity was diminished. The intense application of his mind gave way to absence, and indifference; and the quickness of his apprehension was also considerably diminished.' It is questioned by the author, whether it was the result of his food, or of the previous excitement.—He now exhibits nothing of genius, or remarkable talent, no fancy or wit, but sound common sense, and persevering application.

His disposition was uncommonly mild and amiable, and his habits of obedience, produced, as he said, by early commands and punishment, were remarkable. He was equally remarkable for never yielding his preconceived notions to the authority, or even the testimony of others. He would not even believe the account given of snow, and of the growth of plants and animals, until he saw and felt it.

The same disposition to scepticism appeared in his reluctance to believe in the existence of his own, or any other spirit. Indeed, he did not seem for a long time to be aware of the difference between animate and inanimate objects, supposing all motion to be voluntary, and believing all matter capable of it.

His case furnishes some evidence on the long disputed question, whether man would naturally arrive at the idea of a Deity. Our intercourse with the deaf and dumb, and our inquiries of instructors at home and abroad, had long since shown us that the most talented and mature minds *do not* attain this idea, unassisted. In the case of Caspar Hauser, his biographer observes that he brought with him from his dungeon not the least presentiment of the existence of God, not a shadow of faith in any more elevated, invisible existence. It was not until his faithful instructor led him to remark on the things which he *heard and saw within himself*, that he could believe in any objects but those of the external senses. Two of the most intelligent deaf mutes we have ever known, were for months, utterly incredulous of all that was said to them of an invisible being. But the example of Caspar Hauser, like that of the deaf mutes, also proves, that the idea of a supreme cause commends itself to the reason and feelings of man, when his mind is cultivated. A touching incident which occurred in the course of his early education will illustrate this point, and must close our extracts from this interesting volume:

His instructor showed him for the first time the starry Heavens. His astonishment and transport surpassed all description. He could not be satiated with the sight, and was ever returning to gaze upon it. "That," he exclaimed, "is, indeed, the most beautiful sight that I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candles there? Who lights them? Who puts them out?" When he was told that, like the sun, with which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he again asked,—"Who placed them there above, that they may always continue to give light?" At length standing motionless, with his head bowed down, and his eyes staring, he fell into a train of deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollection, his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sunk trembling upon a chair, and asked, with a burst of tears, "why that wicked man had kept him always locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things?"

The whole story is a striking exhibition of the value of childhood, as a part of life—of the necessity of simultaneous progress in body and mind, in order to produce the man. It is an effecting illustration of that most

criminal neglect, which leaves a human being to become 'in understanding and stature a man, but in knowledge a child,'—which allows him to acquire a power, most valuable or most dangerous, according to its application, without giving him the knowledge necessary to use it aright, or inspiring the disposition to employ it for good purposes. If the view of the starry Heavens could rouse this gentle youth to such reproaches of the man to whom, on other occasions, he expressed affection, Oh! what will be the language of those benighted beings whom the neglect or oppression of civilized and christian men, has shut up in intellectual darkness, when they see the glories of that world which lies beyond the firmament.

MISCELLANY.

A GENTLEMAN having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to his house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl. He informed her he wanted her master. 'He is gone out, sir,' said she. 'Then your mistress will do,' said the gentleman. 'She,' said the girl, 'is gone out too.' 'My business is of consequence,' returned he; 'is your master's son at home?' 'No, sir,' replied the girl, 'he is gone out.' 'That's unlucky indeed,' replied he; 'but perhaps it may not be long before they return; I will step in and sit by your fire.' 'Oh, sir,' said the girl, 'the fire is gone out too.' Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master, that he did not expect to be received so coolly.

LEGAL ASSISTANCE.—A tanner having invited a supervisor to dine with him, after pushing the bottle around pretty freely, the supervisor took leave, but in crossing the tanyard, he unfortunately fell into a vat, and called loudly for the tanner's assistance to take him out; but to no purpose; 'for,' says the tanner, 'if I draw a hide without giving twelve hours notice I shall be exchequered; but I will go and inform the exciseman.'—The poor man would have perished, had not a person accidentally come to his relief.

DICK, what are you about there? said a gentleman to his servant whom he saw loitering about the barn. Catching rats, sir? And how many rats have you caught? Why sir, when I get the one I'm after now and another one, it will make two.

MATRIMONY.—The following beautiful extract is from 'Family Lectures,' by Mrs. N. Sproat, of Taunton, Massachusetts:—'A great portion of the wretchedness which has often embittered married life, I am persuaded, has originated in the neglect of trifles. Con-

ubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly. It is a plant which will not even bear the touch of unkindness; a delicate flower, which indifference will chill, and suspicion blast. It must be watered with a shower of tender affection, expanded with the glow of attention, and guarded with the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus nurtured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years.'

A GOOD ONE.—Several years since, a slave left the employment of his master in New-York, and crossed into Vermont, hired himself to one of our Yankee farmers, to turn up as freeman, the soil of our Green Mountains. His master tracing him out, brought an action before one of our Vermont courts, against his employer, for the amount of his wages. Several witnesses were brought on to prove that the negro was a slave—the testimony of all, however, was pronounced insufficient. At length the counsel for the plaintiff rather indignantly demanded of his honor, 'what evidence was necessary to prove the fact?' 'A bill of sale from the Almighty!' was the comprehensive but laconic reply.

It was Bacon who taught philosophy not to venture to advance a single step without leaning on the crutch of experiment; and it is by following these lessons that the study of nature is become all that it can or ought to be, the science of facts: the only science permitted to man, who was so long condemned to visionary reasoning about causes by a proud forgetfulness that he was ordained by his nature to remain ignorant of them.—*La Harpe.*

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1834.

TASTE.—Among the peculiarities of humanity, taste is not among the least. It is exhibited in multifarious modes, among which may be classed the taste for reading. One will run his eye over a public newspaper, swallow all its lighter matter, devour its poetry and romance, and then gravely suppose he has rifled all its sweets, and the more solid matter is flung by as worthless. Another, who never floats upon the gossamer wings of fancy, bends his mind to grasp the deeper realities and only trusts to the decision of reason. As for our little semi-weekly, the general character of its matter may be classed among that which contributes to the imagination. We sometimes cause a facetious contortion of the face, by a well turned anecdote—when the merry will be pleased; but the stoical, abstracted mortal might sneer at it. We sometimes gild the fancy of our readers with poetry—Now this poetry to one would be a beauty—to those of a powerful imagination, poetry creates a perfect ecstasy—as the dazzling beams of the sun paint up with glowing and blended colors the bow or the lurid masses of clouds in the East, so poetry, to some, brightens up the dark realities of life; but to the cool, calm, moralist, it would be rejected as mere trash or garnished falsehoods. Thus it is, whatever assiduity may be bestowed upon a public newspaper, all tastes cannot be gratified. There is no one thing under the sun upon which universal acknowledgement is centered, then why expect it on literary subjects.

Literary Notices.

New papers multiply upon our table, some of which are of a high character, and others a mere deception—scarcely worth unfolding.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.—This work so admirably combines amusement with instruction, that its contents are almost certain of a perusal. Each number contains several plates illustrative of its matter, which cannot fail to convey correct ideas to the youth, as well as the more mature mind. Its typographical execution is neat. We wish our country was blessed with more periodicals of this exalted character. It is published by Lilly, Wait, & Co. Boston, semi-monthly, at \$1 a year in advance.

'PARLEY'S MAGAZINE,' by the same publishers, calculated for youth and children, is a work of the same high character, and got up in a similar style. It is published every other Saturday at \$1 per year in advance.

'THE PEARLAND LITERARY GAZETTE,' a beautiful paper issued in Hartford, Conn. must not escape our notice. It ranks among the highest literary vehicles which reach us. Its typographical execution is unexceptionable, and the character of its matter, both original and selected, proclaims the high talents and good taste of its Editor. Published by Isaac C. Pray, jr. Editor and Proprietor, semi-monthly, at \$2 per year in advance.

CINCINNATI MIRROR.—No paper in the Western country shows fairer in appearance, than this. It is got up in the style of the New-York Mirror, and probably calculated to reach as high a reputation, and thus become the depot of some of the first talent of the great West. Thus far it maintains its character well. Published weekly by Shreve and Gallagher, Cincinnati, Ohio, at \$2.50, per year.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

G. H. Loop, Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; R. Smith, Rensselaerville, N. Y. \$1.00; H. Baxter, Bellows Falls, Vt. \$1.00; M. Rawson, Bennett's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; J. Plumb, Washington, Ohio, \$1.00; A. H. Crittenden, Hopewell, N. Y. \$0.81; M. C. Ashton, Rosendale, N. Y. \$1.00; R. Hill, Ellenville, N. Y. \$3.00; D. D. Newberry, Syracuse, N. Y. \$5.00.

SUMMARY.

The mechanics of Kinderhook have organized a society for mutual instruction. It is their determination to collect a library, and occasionally to have lectures on appropriate subjects.

Two African princes have arrived at New-York, from Liberia—their names are Charles Lavalley and John Groway.

A strip of gum elastic applied to any joint affected with rheumatism, has been found in all cases an infallible remedy, says the Lebanon Republican. The prescription is simple enough to warrant an experiment.

A spoonful of horse-radish put into a pan of milk, will preserve it sweet for several days.

The most extensive and complete sugar refinery in the world, it is said, is now established about two miles below New Orleans, by Messrs. Forstall & Co. The whole process is effected by steam, and the quantity of sugar refined in the establishment amounts to 12,000,000 of pounds annually. It is chiefly exported to the Mediterranean.

A New-York paper states that counterfeit five cent pieces are now in circulation. They may be detected by counting the stars, having only 12—the genuine ones have 13 on them.

The Delaware and Raritan Canal, which completes the water communication between New-York and Philadelphia, is in such a state of forwardness, that it is expected to be open for navigation on the 1st of May next.



MARRIED.

In this city, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. S. L. Stillman, Mr. Horace Wickham to Miss Matilda B. McCann.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stillman, Mr. H. Peak, to Miss Harriet H. Noyes.

At Centerville, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Jacob J. Pultz, of Rhinebeck, Dutchess county, to Miss Christina Eliza Dederick, of Claverack.

DIED.

At his residence in Glenville, on Sunday morning, the 30th ult. the Hon. John Sanders, in the 77th year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

To my Brother.

Thou'rt wandering, dearest brother,
From the home that gave thee birth,
Ambition's voice hath lured thee
From our own bright fireside hearth,
And the joyous hopes of early youth
Bright colorings hath given,
To every spot some charm alike,
Some whisperings of heaven.
But oh! when after years shall cloud
The sunshine of thy brow,
Then will thy heart cling to the past
That smiles upon thee now;
And every flower of life's gay morn,
Which now thou fling'st aside,
Will haunt thy memory with its hues,
To check thy spirit's pride.
Thy cottage home, by the mountain's side,
From thy mind will not depart,
And thy mother's voice of holy love
Will rush upon thy heart—
And the mountain streams that gush
Through the forest's trembling shade,
Will with wild music fill thy dreams,
For there in youth we stray'd.
And memory will invest the past
With hues as bright as hope lends now,
And thou wilt sigh for pleasures fled,
As time adds wrinkles to thy brow—
But go!—I will not strive to check
The aspirings of thy youthful heart,
For thou, alas! too soon may know
How few the joys life can impart.
Go—in thy unclouded spirit, go—
Rejoicing in thy fresh career,
And should the world prove false to thee,
Thou still wilt find a welcome here—
A welcome from the heart that twined
Around thine own in tenderness,
And should time change the outward form,
That heart will never love thee less. C. D.

From the Father's Magazine.

A Father to his Motherless Children.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

COME, gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought,
Pure water from the rock:
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float,
All helpless on the Nile.
You're weary—precious ones—your eyes
Are wandering far and wide:
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thought to guide;

Who could to Wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim!
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed Mother's name.
'Tis time to sing your evening hymn—
My youngest infant dove,
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love:
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng—
Cling as you used to cling to her,
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin sweet birds, the accustomed strain—
Come warble loud and clear—
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear.
Good night—go say the prayer she taught,
Beside your little bed:
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.
A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protect these shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife;
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the springs that rule the soul!—
Dear mourning babes, good night.

From the London Magazine.

The Children's Ball.

BRILLIANT and gay was the lighted hall,
'Twas the night of an infant festival,
There were sylph-like forms in the mazy dance,
And there were the tutored step and glance,
And the gay attire, and the hopes and fears
That might well bespeak maturer years;
The sight might to common eyes seem glad,
But I own it made my spirits sad.
I saw not in all that festive scene,
The cloudless brow and the careless mien,
But Vanity sought the stranger's gaze,
And Envy shrunk from another's praise,
And Pride repelled with disdainful eye,
The once-loved playmate of days gone by,
Alas! that feeling so far from mild,
Should find place in the breast of a little child.

And how, thought I, at the morrow's rise,
Will these fair young sleepers ope their eyes,
Will their smiles the freshness of morning speak,
And the roses of health suffuse their cheek?
No—with a wearied mind and look,
They will turn from the pencil, the globe and book,
A longing and feverish glance to cast
On the joys and pains of the evening past.

Parents! 'tis all too soon to press
The glittering fetters of worldliness
On those tender years, to which belong
The merry sport and the bird-like song;
What fruit can the trees of Autumn bring
If the fragile blossoms be nipt in Spring?
Rich stores will the Summer of life impart,
If ye spoil not the bloom of the infant heart!

From the Parlor Journal.

The Meeting Years.

LIGHT is the step of the opening year,
As she dances forth in the sunlight clear;
Her brow is enwreathed in witching smiles;
Her spell the heart of its care beguiles.
And hope hath plumed afresh her wing,
And joy awakes to a lovelier spring,
Bending to rapture the spirit's tone—
Gay the adieu to the days that are gone.

Wide the domain of the opening year,
Gloomy the soul that she fails to cheer—
Hopeless the sorrow she fails to lighten—
Dimmed the eye that she fails to brighten—
Quenched the spirit that glows no more
At the treasures she scatters from hope's bright store
* * * * *

But sad is the thought of the vanishing year,—
Her foliage has perished all withered and sere—
Her blossoms and fragrance have passed away.
Her joys too moulder in dull decay.
Alas for the friend to my soul most dear,
Who has faded away with the vanishing year! H. G.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Eleventh Volume, (Second New Series.)

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, &c. &c.

On Saturday, the 7th of June, 1834, will be issued the first number of a new volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY.

On issuing proposals for the Eleventh volume (Second New Series) of the Repository, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of his publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say that no pains nor expense, consistent with a reasonable compensation for his labor, shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the Rural Repository, desirous of presenting his readers with superior original matter, and of encouraging literary talent, offers the following premiums, which he flatters himself may be considered worthy of notice by some of the writers of the day.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the best POEM (not less than forty lines) \$5.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded previous to the first of July next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose and will, after being decided upon, be considered the property of the publisher.

§7 In all cases the articles intended for the prizes must be POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

CONDITIONS.

The RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 212 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, the contents of which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Eleventh volume, (Second New Series) will commence on the 7th of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum in advance or, One Dollar & Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. §7 No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 7th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, N. Y. March, 1834.

§7 EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

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§7 All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.